A true Relation of the

Dreadful Ghost

Appearing

To one *John* Dyer in *Winchester* Yard, near St. *Mary Ovres* in *Southwarke*; taken to be the Spirit of his late Wife *Jane* Dyer, who departed this Life some time since, with an Account of the Affrightful Shapes, and its pursuing him from place to place.

Likewise is added another Account of the Penitent Murtherer, *Robert Congden*, who was Executed in *Brook-street*, near *Ratclif-Cross*, and afterwards hung up in Chains between *Mile-End* and *Bow*.

London, Printed by *T. Moore*, 1691.

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True RELATION

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Dreadful GHOST

Appearing

To one John Dver *in* Wincheſter-*Yard, near* St. Mary-Ovres *in* Southwark; *taken to be the Spirit of his late* Wife, Jane Dyer, *who died ſome time ſince; with an Account of the dreadful Shapes, and its purſuing him from place to place.*

JOhn *Dver* was formerly a Lad brought up at *Chriſt*'s Hoſpital, and arrived to be an indifferent good Schollar, and ſince being a Sawyer by his Employment, Married to a yonng Woman, by whom he had ſeveral Children, and lately kept a Victualling-Houſe at the Sign of the *Blew-Coat* in *Deadman*'s *place* in *Southwark*, and ſome time ſince his Wife died, leaving him Three ſmall Children; it ſeems, ſhe was ſomewhat diſcontented on her Death-bed, and it is thought, becauſe her Husband had

had lent Money without her consent, which she feared would be lost. She had not been long buried before the House was troubled in the Night time, with strange and unusual Noises, which increased to that degree, that it proved a terrour to the whole Neighbourhood, and so frightful to the said *John Dyer*, that it made him leave that House, and go to another, thinking thereby to be rid of this troublesome Guess, but all in vain, for he was still pursued by those Disturbances, that he could not rest in his Bed, and has received such a Damage on his left Arm, that it is altogether made useless. One Night the Spirit came to him, and called him by his Name, bidding him not be afraid, for it would do him no harm, and approached to him so near, that he felt a perfect cold hand all over his Face, and the Spirit at the same time bid him go to *Barnaby-street*, and fetch Fifteen Pounds, and pay it to Mr. *Mealing* the Brewer; and it continues frequently in some disturbing manner or other, sometimes it makes a knocking, as if it were at the Door, at other times a sort of Noise, as though somebody walked up and down the Room, and has been so troublesome, that the poor Man is almost at Deaths door for want of Rest; he has been forced to make another removal into *Winchester*-yard, near St. *Mary Overies*, in hopes of finding a place of Rest some where, but still all in van; for since his lying there, he has been still terrified with strange Noises; there was a Minister, and Four or Five very creditable Neighbours sate up with him

him at this laſt Houſe in *Wincheſter*-yard, who do affirm, That they heard ſomething tap up and down, as if ſomebody ſhould walk to and fro the Chamber, but ſay, they ſaw not any thing, but obſerved the Man to be in an extream ſort of ſweating, and looking very frightfull; on *Thurſday* Night laſt, the Fifth of *March*, ſome other Neighbours ſate up with him, (who indeed, ſome or other does every Night ſince this Affliction) and I heard him ſay he ſaw the aforeſaid Shadow, or Spirit paſs by his Bed, and he ſaid, they that ſate up with him that Night ſaw a great deal more, but I could not get out of him in what manner: he is really to be pitied, for he can take no reſt hardly, either Night or Day, he is fain to ſit up in a Chair every Night, for he dares not go to Bed: All the Neighbourhood affirms the reallity of this dreadful Relation, and he is viſited by hundreds of People every day.

A Prayer in Calamity.

O Lord, in whoſe Power is the Breath of all Mankind; Thou Great

and Wiſe Diſpoſer of all things, look down from thy Throne of Holineſs, upon thy poor and unworthy Servant. O Merciful Father of all Spirits, give thy Angels charge over me, to ſupport me in my greateſt Neceſſities; That in Life and Death I may rely on Thee alone, and whilſt I am on this ſide the Grave, my imperfect Prayers may find acceptance with Thee: Be near me in the hour of Death, and let the Enemy get no advantage over me, but ſupport me, if it be Thy Bleſſed Will, and ſave me for thy Mercies ſake, not for any deſert in me, but through the Merits and Mediation of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt and Saviour. *Amen.*

A Prayer at Night, in the time of Danger.

O Lord God, what ſhall I do? whither ſhall I flie? Where can I be ſafe, but with thee? take me, receive me, keep and defend me now and for ever: O Lord give me quiet, reſt, and ſleep, and protect me, and grant all in this Houſe Comfort in thee, this Night and evermore. *Amen.* *Finis.*

Robert Codgden's Confeſſion.

My Maſter and Miſtreſs both being from home, and none left but an ancient Gentlewoman, (their Mother) a Servant-Maid, with a Child about two or three years of Age, at which time I brought my Companions thither. I ſent the Maid forth for a Penny-worth of Tobacco, that I might accompliſh my wicked Deſign; ſhe was no ſooner gone, but I immediately taking a *Bar* of Iron in my hand, went behind the ancient Gentlewoman, and knock'd her down, ſo that ſhe immediately died; a little Child of my Maſters ſitting by, he ſeeing what I had done, ſaid, *Robin, Don't make me bloudy, as you have my Grand-mother.* Yet notwithſtanding the pretty Speeches of this Innocent Lamb, my Heart was ſo hardened, that I took not the leaſt Pity or Compaſſion, but killed it as it was ſpeaking to me: this done: I placed my ſelf behind the Door, waiting the return of the Maid, whom I ſerved as I had the other before; then Robbing the Houſe, and going to offer the Plate to a Goldſmiths near *Algate*, I was ſtopt, and had before a Magiſtrate, who committed me to *Newgate*; at Seſſions coming to my Tryal, I was found Guilty, and accordingly received the juſt Sentance of Death; for I do acknowledge to the World, that it was theſe Hands of mine (and no other) that did commit the bloudy Murthers upon thoſe Innocent Perſons, for which I earneſtly deſire to Repent.

On

On Friday, February *the 27th. A Gibbet was erected at the Door of Captain* Githings *in* Brook-ſtreet, Robert Congden *was brought in a Cart (round by* Ratcliff-Croſs, *and ſo up* Brookſtreet) *to the place of Execution, and being tied up, he began to lament his moſt dreadfull (and at preſent) remedileſs Downfall, after a moſt earneſt manner, that ever he ſhould be guilty of ſo horrid a Crime, as the Murther of three ſuch innocent Souls, who, he ſaid, endured more at their Deaths, than he ſhould now at his Execution: And after this he prayed to this effect.*

His Prayer.

O Lord, and my dear Redeemer, Jeſus Chriſt, I deſire to repent of my Sins, do thou waſh them all away with one drop of thy Bloud, and be near to me in the hour of great Extremity. My dear Saviour, I beg of my Repentance, becauſe I am willing to repent: And let all the World take Example by my Suffering. Lord Jeſus, I am coming to thee juſt now in half an hours time. O let me come to thee with a clear Conſcience, and let not the wicked One take hold of me, Lord, I have been a great Sinner, yet thou canſt forgive them all; my Sufferings are nothing to what my dear Jeſus underwent for me. Lord take me into thy Cuſtody; I forgive all the World, let me be forgiven by thee: Lord let me creep into thy Wounds, and waſh me clean from my Sins. I Murdered the three Perſons with my own Hands, and the Perſons whom

whom I have accuſed are not Guilty: Let the Sin lie at my Door: Lord, they died an harder Death than I do now: And Lord, let me requeſt one thing more from thee, that is in the behalf of my dear Parents, that God would bleſs them, for they gave me better Counſel: And Oh! that my Brethren would take warning by me, and that God would give them more Grace, that they may not come to ſo fatal an End. So that he concluded with the Lord's Prayer, *Our Father which art in Heaven*, &c.

After this his Foot ſlipping through the Cart, he ſunk down, and was almoſt ſtrangled, but the Rope being not well faſtened to the Gibbet, gave way, ſo he came to his Senſes again, and cryed out, *O Lord Jeſus, I was coming to thee, Why didſt thou let me come into this wicked World again? I am more willing to Die, than Live any longer*, &c.

Then he Praying a conſiderable time by himſelf, the Cart was drawn away: and being Cut down, he was afterward conveyed to the Gibbet between *Mile-End* and *Bow*, and there hang'd up in Chains.

FINIS.